

№61 JAN-FEB

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

SO THAT'S
WHAT AN EARTH-
LING LOOKS
LIKE! SEIZE
HIM!

Here it is...
THE MOST CHALLENG-
ING STORY YOU'VE EVER
READ! DON'T MISS...

"The **WORLD**
THAT WAS!"





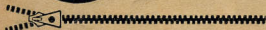
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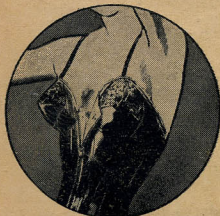
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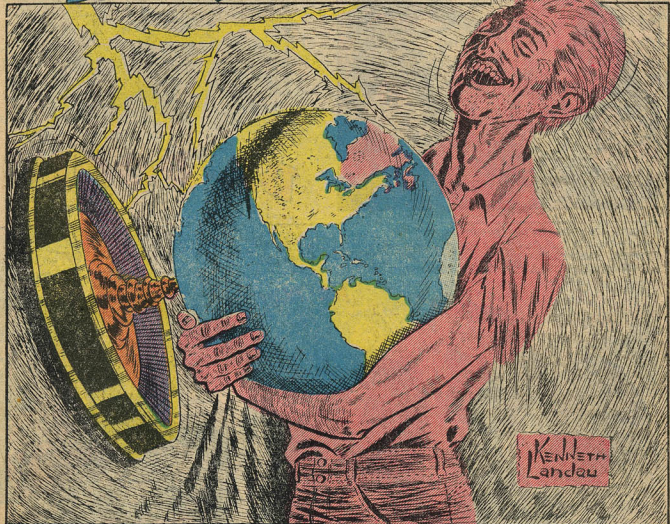
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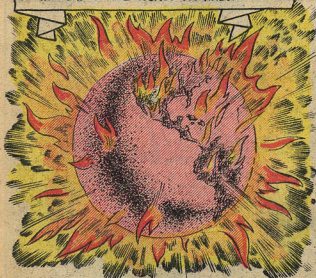
Money Back Guarantee! If not delighted, I may return in 10 days!

THE WHEEL OF FATE SPINS... SPINS... AROUND AND AROUND... AND WHERE IT STOPS, NOBODY EVER KNOWS! HERE'S A STRANGE, CHALLENGING STORY OF THE FINAL TURN OF THE WHEEL... OF THE DAY THAT IT STOPPED FOREVER... AND DESTRUCTION WAS THE FATE OF...

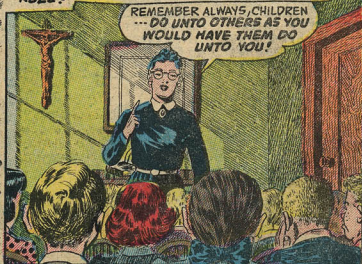
The WORLD that WAS!



WERE YOU THERE FOR THAT LAST RECKLESS SPIN OF THE WHEEL OF FATE? IT HAPPENED ONE SUMMER MORNING... IN A FIERY ERUPTION THAT MARKED THE END OF THE WORLD WE KNEW...



YES, THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE EARTH! BUT LET'S GO BACK BEFORE THE HOLOCAUST! WHAT WERE THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THE TRAGEDY? WHAT SORT OF WORLD WAS IT? ITS PEOPLE... WERE THEY GUIDED BY THE ANCIENT GOLDEN RULE?

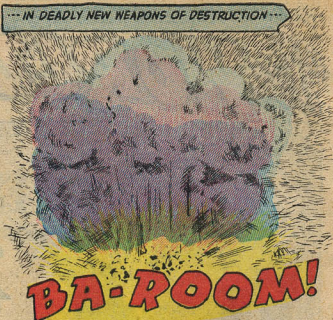


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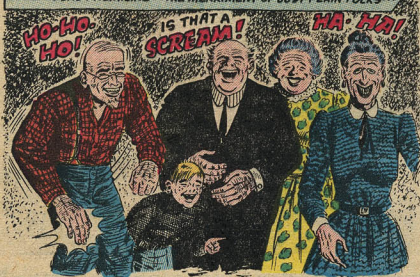
IT SOUNDED FINE... BUT HOW DID WE LIVE UP TO IT?
IN WARS...



...IN DEADLY NEW WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION...



THAT'S HOW IT WAS ON THE LEADERSHIP LEVEL! BUT NOW ABOUT THE INDIVIDUALS... THE LITTLE PEOPLE! FOR THE ANSWER, LET'S LOOK IN ON A TYPICAL AMERICAN SMALL TOWN... MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS!... SAY, THIS LOOKS PROMISING... THE MERRIMENT OF JUST PLAIN FOLKS...



WE SEE IT NOW... WHAT THEY WERE LAUGHING AT...

I TOLD YA BEFORE WHAT'D HAPPEN IF YA BROUGHT THAT RIG O' YOURS NEAR MY SHOP, PETERS! NOW GET GOIN'!

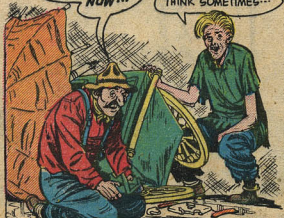
NO... NO!



NBODY CAME TO HIS AID! YOU COULDN'T COUNT SIMON! HE COULDN'T HELP MUCH... NOT WITH THAT SIMPLE, BEFOGGED MIND OF HIS...

I... I SPENT ALL I'D SAVED FOR THIS STAND... AND NOW...

HE... HE DIDN'T MEAN IT! FOLKS ARE GOOD... EVEN IF THEY DON'T THINK SOMETIMES...

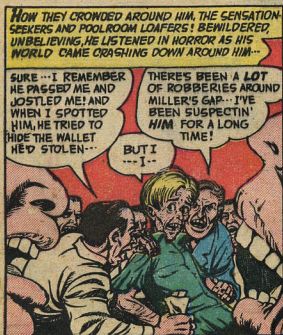
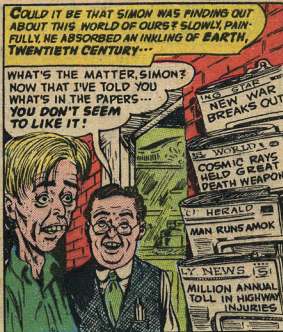


YES, FOLKS WERE GOOD... SIMON WAS SURE OF IT! THAT'S WHY HE WONDERED WHEN THINGS LIKE THIS HAPPENED...

AW, C'MON, AL, WILLYA? THAT'S MY LUNCH... AND I'M HUNGRY!

LOOK, I BEEN EASY ON YA...





BUT SIMON GOT AWAY... AL-
THOUGH HE WAS NEVER QUITE
THE SAME AFTER THAT...

WE'LL GIVE
'IM SOMETHIN'
TA REMEMBER
WHEN WE
CATCH 'IM!

I... I TRIED TO
DO A GOOD
THING...AND
THEY DO THIS
TO ME!



AN UNFORTUNATE EVENT--PART OF THE WORLD WE LIVED IN? WELL...WHAT KIND OF
SPACE WAS IT? AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FAR OUT IN THE DISTANT REACHES OF
SPACE, OTHERS WERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT THIS VERY QUESTION--

YES...I SEE...
AND ITS
WHAT WE'VE
BEEN LOOK-
ING FOR!

DO YOU SEE IT, MIGHTY THORIK?
THE PLANET EARTH...FOR THE
FIRST TIME, I'VE PERFECTED THE
TELESCOPE SUFFICIENTLY TO
BRING ITS DETAILED SURFACE
WITHIN RANGE! THERE'S JUST
TIME FOR A SHORT LOOK--
THE ATOMIC POWER IS
RUNNING OUT!



HERE'S WHAT THEY SAW IN THE GREAT ATOMIC
TELESCOPE! THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THIS WAS
...MILLER'S GAP!

LAND THAT CAN BE
PLANTED...LAND ON WHICH
WE CAN SETTLE OUR
TEEMING MILLIONS!



IT'S A DESPERATE STEP...
BUT THERE'S NO HELP FOR IT!
OUR SMALL PLANET IS OVER-
CROWDED...WE MUST SECURE
NEW LIVING SPACE OR DIE!
AND HOW REGRETTABLE IT
IS THAT WE MUST FIRST DE-
STROY THE INHABITANTS OF
THE TARGET PLANET, TO
ASSURE THE SUCCESS OF
OUR INVASION!



BUT WE ARE NOT BY NATURE KILLERS--AND
WE WILL NOT SLAY THINKING BEINGS
LIKE OURSELVES!
CREATURES OF
LOW MENTALITY,
YES--AND THAT
ONLY BECAUSE
WE HAVE
TO!

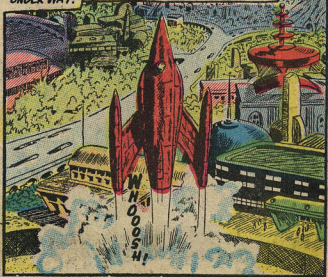
SO IF EARTH IS POPU-
LATED BY PEOPLE OF A
HIGH ORDER, WE
MUST SEEK OUT
SOME OTHER PLANET!
BUT--HOW ARE WE
GOING TO KNOW?



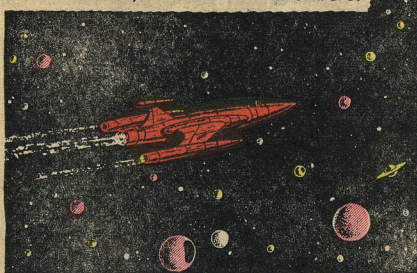
WE HAVE THE SPACE SHIPS WITH WHICH WE WOULD
UNDERTAKE INVASION IN ANY CASE! WE'LL USE ONE
OF THEM FOR A SECRET RAID--TO CAPTURE A
SPECIMEN OF EARTHLY LIFE AND BRING IT HERE
FOR OBSERVATION! ON THAT WE CAN BASE OUR
DECISION OF WHETHER OR NOT TO DESTROY
ALL LIFE ON EARTH!



AND SO IT WAS DECIDED! MANNED BY SEVERAL SPACE-
MEN FROM THE SMALL, YET HIGHLY ADVANCED PLANET
CRETA, A DARING SPACE-ROCKET MISSION GOT
UNDER WAY!



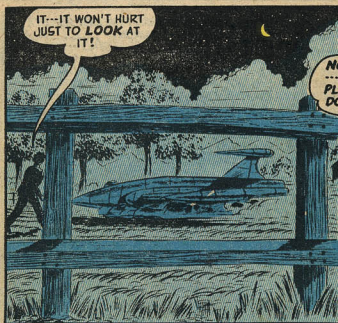
THROUGH THE VAST REACHES OF OUTER SPACE ZOOMED THE ROCKET, AT BREATHTAKING SPEED! ITS CONTROLS WERE SET TO HOME ON THE VERY POINT ON WHICH THE ATOMIC TELESCOPE HAD BEEN TRAINED! YES... THEY WERE HEADING SQUARELY FOR MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS!



IT WAS NIGHT WHEN IT NOSED IN FOR A LANDING...AND NOBODY SAW IT! NOBODY, THAT IS, EXCEPT...SIMPLE SIMON!



IT---IT WON'T HURT JUST TO LOOK AT IT!



AND SO IT TURNED OUT TO BE POOR SIMON THAT WAS THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE! FOR THE VISITORS FROM CRETA, IT WAS A STROKE OF LUCK...

NO! LEAVE ME ALONE... PLEASE DON'T...

WHAT LUCK! AN EARTHMAN IN OUR GRASP--WITHOUT OUR PRESENCE EVEN BECOMING KNOWN!



AH, WHAT A TRIP THAT WAS, BACK INTO SPACE...WITH SIMON STARING AFFRIGHTED AT HIS CAPTORS--AND THEY STARING BACK AT HIM...



HE COULDN'T DREAM THAT HE WAS BEING ESCORTED TO CRETA TO STAND TRIAL! IT WAS A STRANGE OCCASION... SIMON DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEY UNDERSTOOD HIM BY TELEPATHY--AND WERE FLASHING THEIR THOUGHTS INTO HIS ADDLED MIND BY THE SAME PROCESS...

HOW MANY CREATURES LIKE YOU DOES EARTH CONTAIN?

ARE THERE MANY DISEASES NATIVE TO YOUR PLANET?

I---I'M JUST SIMON--I DON'T KNOW--I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'! PLEASE DON'T HURT--POOR SIMON...



IT WAS DISCOURAGING! TO ALL THEIR QUESTIONS,
THEY RECEIVED NOTHING BETTER THAN...

HUH? DUNNO...

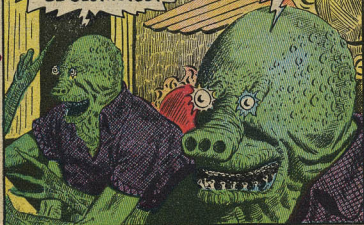
**POOR
SIMON...
DON'T
HIT
HIM...**



WAS THERE ANY WONDER, THEN, THAT THE COURT COULD PASS
ONLY ONE SENTENCE?

THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH
BEING OF THE LOW ORDER OF
MENTALITY INDICATED, IT IS
OUR JUDGMENT THAT THEY
BE DESTROYED!

**READY THE INTER-
PLANETARY
COSMIC RAYS FOR
TOTAL EXECU-
TION!**



THE DREAD INTERPLANETARY COSMIC RAYS

...CAUSING EXTINCTION BY FIRE! WHILE THEY
WERE BEING PREPARED FOR THE MASS
DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTHLINGS, WHAT
OF SIMPLE SIMON? HE WAS TREATED WELL
... FED AND CLOTHED DECENTLY... FOR
AFTER ALL, THESE MEN OF CRETA
WERE ESSENTIALLY KIND...

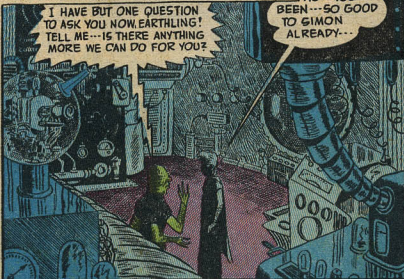
DEATH WILL COME AS
A MERCY TO HIS RACE
...OBSERVE HIS STARVED
CONDITION!



**D-DAY, H-HOUR FOR THE ATTACK WERE AT HAND! AT THE LAST MOMENT,
THORIK, LEADER OF THE SPACEMEN, SENT FOR SIMON...**

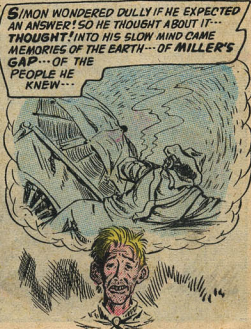
I HAVE BUT ONE QUESTION
TO ASK YOU NOW, EARTHLING!
TELL ME... IS THERE ANYTHING
MORE WE CAN DO FOR YOU?

**/NO... YOU
BEEN... SO GOOD
TO SIMON
ALREADY...**

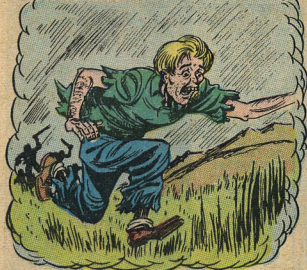


I WONDER IF YOU WOULD THINK SO... IF YOU
KNEW OUR PLANS? WOULD YOU THINK WE WERE
GOOD, KIND, IF I TOLD YOU THAT WITHIN THE
HOUR, I WOULD PULL THIS SWITCH... AND
BLAST EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR
RACE OFF THE FACE OF THE
EARTH?

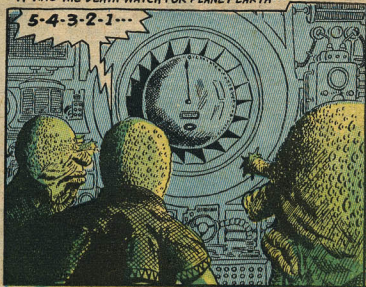
SIMON WONDERED DULLY IF HE EXPECTED
AN ANSWER! SO HE THOUGHT ABOUT IT...
THOUGHT! INTO HIS SLOW MIND CAME
MEMORIES OF THE EARTH... OF MILLER'S
GAP... OF THE
PEOPLE HE
KNEW...



AND HE REMEMBERED THE EPISODE OF THE WALLET, AND ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED...



RECALLING HOW IT HAD BEEN IN THE WORLD HE CAME FROM, SIMON HELD HIS PEACE AS THE FATAL MOMENTS TICKED PAST! IT WAS THE DEATH WATCH FOR PLANET EARTH...



...ZERO! IT IS TIME!

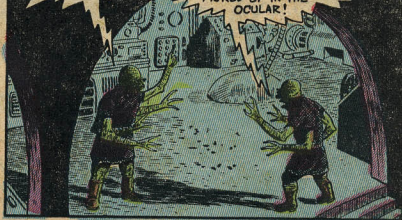
WAIT, THORIK!



NO---IT WASN'T SIMON WHO HAD INTERRUPTED! INSTEAD, IT WAS THE ASTRONOMER---

WHY HAVE YOU INTERRUPTED AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT?

I'VE JUST BUILT UP ENOUGH ATOMIC POWER FOR ANOTHER TELESCOPIC VIEW OF EARTH... A DIFFERENT VIEW! I--- I WANT YOU TO SEE WHAT I'VE PICKED UP IN THE OCULAR!



THIS TIME, IT WASN'T MILLER'S GAP, KANSAS! INSTEAD---

THIS...THIS IS A CITY...A GREAT CITY...BUILT BY A GREAT PEOPLE!



I THANK THE POWERS THAT YOU STOPPED ME FROM THROWING THAT SWITCH! WE DISCOVERED JUST IN TIME THAT THE EARTHINGS GIVE EVERY EVIDENCE OF BEING A THINKING RACE, OF HIGH MENTAL POWERS!



WE MADE THE MISTAKE OF ASSUMING THAT LIFE ON **EARTH** WAS OF THE SAME INTELLECTUAL LEVEL AS THIS SPECIMEN WHOM WE SEIZED...A SPECIMEN OF **OBVIOUS RETARDED MENTALITY!** NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO SEEK OUT SOME OTHER PLANET TO TAKE OVER!

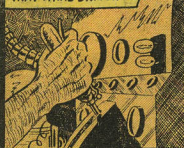
YA...
YA MEAN...
...YER NOT GONNA KILL OFF ALL THE PEOPLE ON EARTH?

NO, SIMON...YOUR RACE IS BEING **SPARED**... THAT SWITCH WILL NEVER BE THROWN! AH, YOU MUST BE HAPPY...**VERY HAPPY**...

YES, POOR LITTLE BEFUDDLED MAN...SHOULDN'T THIS BE YOUR MOMENT OF **JOY?** BECAUSE YOU'RE KIND... WASN'T IT YOU WHO ONCE SAID, "FOLKS ARE GOOD...EVEN IF THEY DON'T THINK SOMETIMES!" HAD ANYTHING HAPPENED WHICH CHANGED YOU SINCE THAT DAY? WHAT IS THIS STRANGE LIGHT IN YOUR DULL EYES...WHY ARE YOU DREAMING FORWARD SO STEALTHILY...SO...**PURPOSE-FULLY?**



YOU'RE DIFFERENT NOW, SIMON...DIFFERENT...AS YOUR HAND CLOSES ON THAT FATAL SWITCH...



...AS YOUR HAND **THROWS** THAT SWITCH...AND THE WORLD YOU KNEW FLARES BRIGHTLY IN THE BLAZING THROES THAT MARK ITS END!



The END!



**GEE! IT MUST HAVE
TAKEN YEARS TO
LEARN TO PLAY
LIKE THAT!**



**NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW
A NOTE. YET I STARTED
PLAYING WHOLE PIECES
RIGHT AWAY!**

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WHERE THERE'S A WILL

OLD Daniel Foster was dead—finally. It was hard for Helen, his niece, to realize that she'd never again see that snow white head cocked in a birdlike gesture, nor the way he'd bend over eagerly towards her to emphasize a point. She would miss him, she told Bob Burton, the man she was engaged to, who had come down to help her with the funeral arrangements. There'd been considerable affection between them, fostered over the years during which the girl had cared devotedly for her sick old uncle. The burden had fallen on *her* shoulders, despite the fact that there was a son, her cousin Stanley. But Stanley hadn't been home for a long time, since there had only existed hatred between father and son. Only now, with his father gone, had he dared put in an appearance. At first, his attitude was tentative—he was hoping that his father might perchance have left him some small bequest, rather than cut him out entirely, as he deserved. That the bulk of the rich estate would go to Helen there was no doubt. She deserved it fully for her faithfulness, and Daniel Foster had many times stated that this would be the case. And now the crowning blow had come, for no will could be found.

How Stanley's attitude had changed then! With no will, the estate went automatically to him, as son of the deceased. And all of the evil, all of the hatred buried within his mean nature came to the fore. He had always hated Helen because of his father's feeling towards her, and now there was no longer any reason for covering up. "You can hang around if you like," he told her patronizingly. "I might as well get used to handing out charity, now that I can *afford* it!" But he had made the mistake of saying that in Bob's presence, and next moment, a hard right sent him to the floor. "You can get out right now—both of you!" he blazed, struggling to his feet.

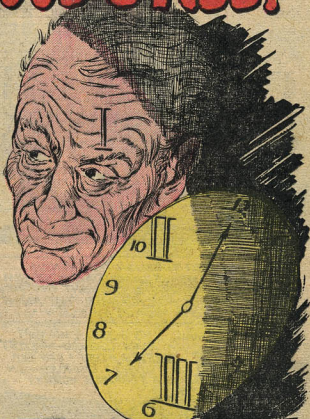
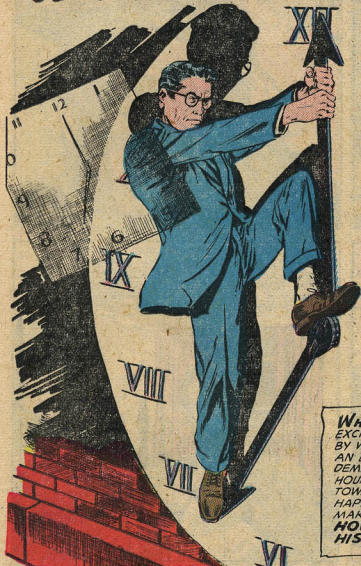
"We'll go, all right," answered Bob grimly. "But not until morning—that's the soonest we can get a cab to take us to the station!"

And then he devoted himself to comforting Helen, who was mourning for the old house that had become so dear to her, and that she must now leave. "I'll never forget it," she said brokenly. "I'll keep remembering it—and *him*, with that shock of white hair and the way he used to hold his head on one side. If—if only he'd left a will—if only he could tell me where it was—but what's the use?"

She retired then, to broken slumber. Dimly, as if from a great distance, she seemed to hear a voice calling her name, and she remembered opening her eyes, and seeming to see old Daniel Foster there, his snow white head cocked in that familiar birdlike gesture. Then he seemed to be fading away, his voice a distant echo. "Look—old Ned—" and that was all. She awoke in the morning to the feeling that this was the strangest dream she'd ever had. She lost no time in dressing, and she and Bob left to enter the waiting taxi. "Just one moment," said Bob. "We're not going until I see that rat Stanley and tell him just what I think of him!" They went into the library together, and Bob couldn't help noticing that the sneer on Stanley's face was almost identical with that on the face of an old ancestral portrait hanging above him. Following the direction of his eyes, Stanley laughed. "Pretty, wasn't he? Just one of my ancestors—but he sure knew how to run things in these parts! Folks used to think he was a devil—matter of fact, they used to call him *Old Ned*!"

Helen needed to hear no more. She leaped towards the portrait, took it from the wall. Nothing. But there *had* to be! Wildly, she ran her hands over the panelling. There was a click—and a panel slid open. And there, in a compartment behind the wall, were old Daniel Foster's personal papers—including his will! Yes, Stanley had been cut off with a dollar—with the rest of the wealthy estate going to Helen! There *are* no such things as ghosts—but sometimes dreams turn out awfully peculiarly, don't they?

WHEN TIME STOOD STILL!



WHAT IS TIME? TO THE MAN DYING OF AN EXCRUCIATING DISEASE, EACH MOMENT CRAWLS BY WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS, EACH DAY IS AN ETERNITY OF PAIN! BUT FOR THE CONDEMNED CRIMINAL, FATED TO DIE AT A SPECIFIED HOUR, TIME GALLOPS WITH RELENTLESS SPEED TOWARD THE FATAL MOMENT! WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE COULD **CONTROL TIME**-- MAKE IT PASS AT THE SPEED OF OUR BIDDING? **HOWARD WYNDAM FOUND OUT--TO HIS EVERLASTING HORROR!**

PRESIDENT OF THE MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR WYNDAM WATCH CORPORATION, HOWARD WYNDAM WAS A VIGOROUS MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, A CAULDRON OF ENERGY AND PURPOSE!

LAYOUTS READY FOR APPROVAL, BOSS!

OKAY, EXCEPT FOR THE LETTERING!

HELLO? I SAID SELL AT THREE POINT EIGHT!

I'M WAITING FOR THE REST OF THE LETTER, MR. WYNDAM--

HE WAS ALWAYS BUSY, TOO BUSY FOR RELAXATION! AND UNDER HIS ENTHUSIASTIC GUIDANCE, THE COMPANY PROSPERED--

GENTLEMEN, IT LOOKS LIKE THIS WILL BE THE MOST LUCRATIVE YEAR IN OUR HISTORY!

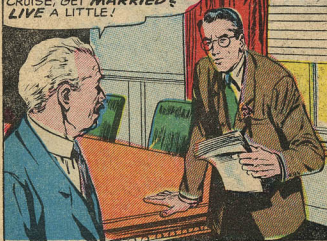
WE'VE GOT YOU TO THANK FOR THAT, HOWARD!



AS THE MEETING DISPERSED--

IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, HOWARD, BUT YOU'RE **KILLING** YOURSELF WITH WORK! WHY NOT TAKE A LONG REST, A CRUISE, GET **MARRIED?** LIVE A LITTLE!

NONSENSE! LIFE'S TOO **SHORT** FOR FOOLING AROUND!



BUT DON'T YOU HAVE ANY **OTHER** INTERESTS--**HOBBIES?**

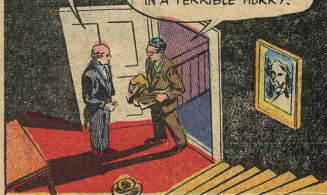
I DON'T HAVE THE **TIME** FOR THEM! CURIOUS, ISN'T IT? I'VE MADE A FORTUNE MANUFACTURING WATCHES, AND THE ONE THING ALL MY MONEY CAN'T BUY IS A **SINGLE MOMENT OF TIME!**



WYNDAM SCANNED THROUGH THE EVENING PAPERS SWIFTLY AS HIS LIMOUSINE BORE HIM HOME, DISTRACTED BY THE THOUGHT THAT HE'D PROBABLY BE LATE FOR HIS DATE THAT NIGHT, AS USUAL! IN HIS 5TH AVENUE MANSION--

QUITE A BIT OF MAIL TODAY, SIR!

YE GODS, I HAVEN'T EVEN LOOKED AT **LAST WEEK'S** STUFF! LAY OUT MY TUXEDO, CHARLES--I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY!



IT SEEMS LIKE I DON'T HAVE TIME TO **BREATHE** ANYMORE! HOW I WISH I COULD JUST SIT AROUND AND READ A BOOK TONIGHT--TAKE THINGS **EASY!** BOY, IF ONLY I **COULD** BUY TIME--EVEN ONE HOUR WOULD BE PRICELESS!



AT THAT EXACT INSTANT, A STRANGE NOISE CAUSED HIM TO WHIRL! THERE, BEFORE HIS ASTOUNDED EYES--

GOOD HEAVENS, SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE **MATERIALIZING!** I-I MUST BE **GOING MAD!**



PETRIFIED WITH SHOCK, WYNDAM TOLD HIMSELF IT WAS ONLY A **HALLUCINATION!** BUT NOW THE **MATERIALIZATION** WAS COMPLETE, AND A CROAKING VOICE SPOKE...

SORRY TO STARTLE YOU THIS WAY, OLD CHAP, BUT I'VE BEEN SORT OF--ER--**LISTENING IN ON YOUR THOUGHTS!** I'M JUST THE MAN TO HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR PREDICAMENT!

WH-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? **WHO ARE YOU?**



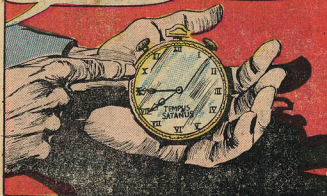
NEVER MIND **THAT!** I'M GOING TO PROVE TO YOU THAT CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, **TIME CAN** BE BOUGHT! THAT IS, IF THE PRICE IS HIGH ENOUGH!

I-I'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! ALL THIS IS ONLY MY **IMAGINATION!**



THE OLD MAN'S GLITTERING EYE HELD WYNDAM WEIRDLY HYPNOTIZED! SLOWLY HIS GAZE FELL ON THE CURIOUS OLD WATCH IN THE VISITOR'S WIZENED HAND...

HERE'S A WATCH, MR. WYNDAM. WORTH MORE THAN EVERY TIMEPIECE YOU'VE EVER MANUFACTURED! YOU SEE, **THIS MECHANISM CONTROLS THE FLOW OF TIME IN THE UNIVERSE!** THE TWO KNOBS CAN EITHER **SLOW TIME DOWN--OR STOP IT COMPLETELY!**



YOU...
YOU'RE
MAD!

AM I 3 THEN WHY NOT TRY IT--AND FIND OUT! IF YOU WISH, YOU CAN SPEND WHAT WOULD ORDINARILY BE AN HOUR, A DAY, A YEAR--WHATEVER YOU PLEASE--IN THE NEXT TEN SECONDS! YOU NEED ONLY SLOW THE MECHANISM--OR STOP IT! HERE, TAKE IT!



WYNDAM FELT THE COLD METAL IN HIS HAND,
AND THE MECHANISM THROBBING WITHIN LIKE
THE BEAT OF A HUMAN HEART! FEAR AND DIS-
BELIEF CONTENDED FIERCELY IN HIS SOUL--
WHEN SUDDENLY, THE VISITOR VANISHED!

TRY IT,
WYNDAM--
WHAT DO
YOU HAVE
TO LOSE?

IT--IT TICKS SO STRANGELY!
WHY **NOT** TRY IT--WHAT **DO** I
HAVE TO
LOSE?



IT COULDN'T HAVE **ALL** BEEN IMAGINATION!
AFTER ALL, THIS **WATCH** IS REAL ENOUGH!
LET'S SEE, TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT ON MY
OWN WATCH-- SUPPOSE I **STOP** THE
MECHANISM ON THIS AND READ FOR AWHILE?




DOGGEDLY, WYNDAM READ TWENTY PAGES OF THE LONG NOVEL BEFORE PERMITTING HIMSELF TO GLANCE AT HIS WRIST WATCH AGAIN! THEN, INCREDIBLY--

IT--IT'S **NOT**
POSSIBLE! IT STILL READS
TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT--
AS IF NO TIME HAS PASSED!
LORD, I **AM** CRAZY! WAIT, I CAN
CHECK THIS ON TELEPHONE TIME
AND THE GRAND-
FATHER CLOCK
OUTSIDE!



**TO HIS AMAZEMENT, THE GRAND-
FATHER CLOCK IN THE HALL HAD
STOPPED AT TEN MINUTES
TO EIGHT, AND WHEN HE
DIALED FOR TELEPHONE TIME...**

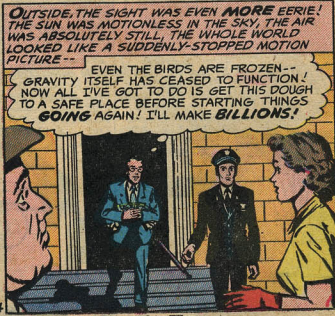
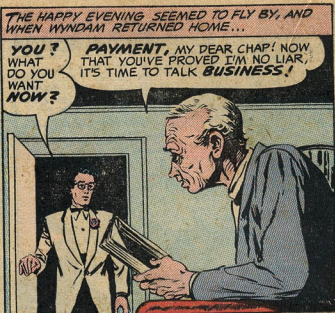
AT THE SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL BE
TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT! AT
THE SIGNAL, THE TIME WILL BE
TEN MINUTES TO EIGHT! AT
THE
SIGNAL,
THE
TIME... IS IT **POSSIBLE?** BECAUSE
IF IT IS, I CAN LIVE TEN YEARS
IN ONE



WYNDAM SAT DOWN AGAIN, SLOWLY, AND PROCEEDED TO READ RIGHT THROUGH THE LONG BOOK! THEN, A SENSE OF WELL-BEING FLOODING OVER HIM--

AH, WHAT PLEASURE IT'S BEEN TO RELAX. NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS START TIME FLOWING AGAIN, AND I'LL BE RIGHT ON TIME FOR MY DATE WITH ALICE.





(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



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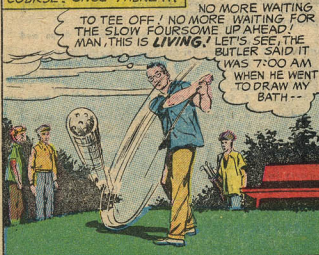
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IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH, UPON BEING AWAKENED, TO STOP THE WATCH AND MOTOR THROUGH PARALYZED STREETS TO THE GOLF COURSE! ONCE THERE...

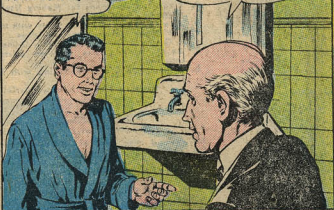


NO MORE WAITING TO TEE OFF! NO MORE WAITING FOR THE SLOW FOURSOME UP AHEAD! MAN, THIS IS **LIVING!** LET'S SEE, THE BUTLER SAID IT WAS 7:00 AM WHEN HE WENT TO DRAW MY BATH--

AFTER 18 BRISK HOLES, WYNDAM DROVE BACK TO HIS HOME, TOOK OFF HIS CLOTHES, GOT BACK INTO HIS PAJAMAS AGAIN, AND--

I FEEL **GREAT** THIS MORNING, CHARLES! BY THE WAY, WHAT TIME IS IT?

WHY, I JUST TOLD YOU, SIR-- **SEVEN O'CLOCK!**



OH, IT WAS ALL WONDERFUL, AND HE HAD EVERYTHING TO LIVE FOR! OUT OF SHEER HAPPINESS, HE GAVE A HUGE BALL--

AH THERE, WYNDAM, YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE **ME** HERE, DID YOU?

YOU AGAIN, EH? WELL, YOU ARE A SURPRISE, BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME! AFTER ALL, I **DO** OWE EVERYTHING TO **YOU!**



THEN YOU'RE **SATISFIED** WITH OUR LITTLE BARGAIN? GOOD! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D BEGIN TO **WORRY--** YOU'RE NOT **LOOKING** TOO WELL, YOU KNOW!

I-I'VE BEEN A BIT **TIRED** LATELY-- GUESS IT'S ALL THIS EXCITEMENT! BUT WHAT ABOUT **YOU?** YOU LOOK **TEN YEARS YOUNGER!**



AS THE EVENING WORE ON, HE GREW UNBEARABLY FATIGUED--

GOING TO BED SO EARLY, SIR? WHAT ABOUT THE GUESTS?

THEY WON'T MISS ME! I... I'VE **GOT** TO GET SOME SLEEP-- I'M **EXHAUSTED!** DON'T WAKE ME TILL NOON TOMORROW, CHARLES...



IT SEEMED TO WYNDAM THAT HIS HEAD HAD BARELY TOUCHED THE PILLOW WHEN...

12:15, SIR-- YOU'VE HAD A **LONG SLEEP!**

HUH? GOOD HEAVENS, IT **CAN'T** BE NOON ALREADY! I FEEL AS IF I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK!



WYNDAM STAGGERED TO THE MIRROR AND SCRUTINIZED HIS FEATURES! TO HIS HORROR...

I-I SEEM TO HAVE AGED A **DECADE** THESE PAST WEEKS! THESE LINES IN MY FACE-- THESE **GREY HAIRS!** I... I'M GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR RIGHT NOW!



AFTER A COMPLETE EXAMINATION...

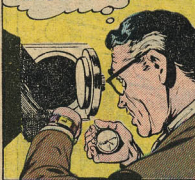
YOU'RE JUST **OVERTIRED**, MR. WYNDAM--OBVIOUSLY YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GETTING ENOUGH **SLEEP** LATELY!

BUT I'VE BEEN GETTING **PLENTY** OF **SLEEP**! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY **STRANGE** GOING ON--AND TEN TO ONE IT'S THAT **WATCH**!



CHECKING HIS SUSPICION AT ODD MOMENTS FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY AND PART OF THE NIGHT, HE FINALLY DISCOVERED THE **HIDEOUS TRUTH**--

SO **THAT'S** IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE MECHANISM--IT'S RUNNING VERY **FAST** AT NIGHT! NO **WONDER** I'VE BEEN TIRED AND AGING SO FAST!



NEXT MORNING, WYNDAM RACED TO HIS FORMER FACTORY, WHERE THE NEW OWNER OCCUPIED THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE! HE WAS TOO AGITATED TO NOTICE THE REMARKABLY YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE OF THE MAN AS HE POURED OUT HIS COMPLAINT--

AFTER ALL, DEAR CHAP, **ALL** MECHANISMS ARE SUBJECT TO DISTURBANCES! FIXING THIS ONE WILL COST YOU **PLENTY**--YOUR **WHOLE FORTUNE AGAIN**!



IN THE FEW DAYS WHICH PASSED BEFORE THE WATCH WAS REPAIRED, WYNDAM'S FACE BECAME **SEAMED**, WRINKLED! AS IF HE'D AGED 20 YEARS!

WELL, HERE'S THE WATCH AGAIN! I'VE--ER--MADE SOME **ADJUSTMENTS**!

I--I SHOULD NEVER HAVE **LISTENED** TO YOU! LOOK AT ME, OLD BEFORE MY TIME! AND **YOU**--GETTING YOUNGER EVERY DAY!



IT WAS EASY GETTING ANOTHER FORTUNE, BUT WYNDAM COULD NO LONGER ENJOY ANYTHING! POSSESSING THE DIABOLICAL WATCH WAS LIKE HAVING A TIGER BY THE TAIL! HE COULD NOT SLEEP AT NIGHT FOR FEAR IT WOULD COMMENCE RUNNING FAST AGAIN, AND TO STOP IT COMPLETELY MIGHT THROW IT OFF EVEN FURTHER! SO HE STARTED CARRYING IT AROUND WITH HIM, GLANCING AT IT REPEATEDLY TO CHECK ITS SPEED AGAINST HIS WRIST WATCH--



WE'D BETTER NOT MEET ANY MORE, HOWARD! YOU'VE GOTTEN **OLD**, YOU'RE GROUCHY--AND FOREVER GLANCING AT THAT WATCH! **WHY?**

YOU--WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



LIFE BECAME A LIVING DEATH FOR WYNDAM! HE BROODED CONSTANTLY, ALWAYS INTENTLY AWARE OF THE PASSAGE OF TIME! HE WAS ALWAYS TIRED NOW...

DON'T--WAKE ME--IN THE MORNING, CHARLES! I MUST **REST**--

VERY GOOD, SIR--YOU **HAVE** BEEN LOOKING POORLY!

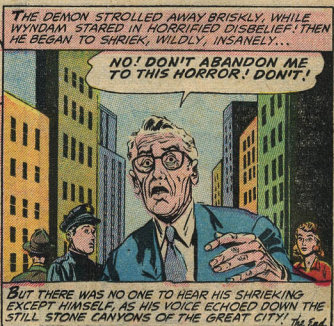
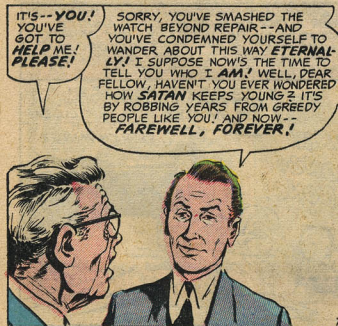
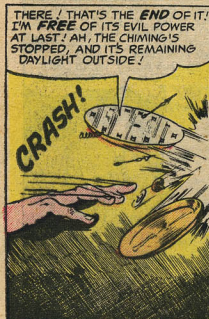


THE QUEER, INCESSANT CHIMING OF THE GRAND FATHER CLOCK OUTSIDE HIS DOOR FINALLY WOKE WYNDAM THE NEXT DAY! BUT DESPITE HIS LONG REST, HE WAS FEARFULLY GROGGY, ALMOST TOO TIRED TO MOVE! AND WHEN HE CHANCED TO GLANCE AT HIS HAND--

IT'S OLD, WIZENED--LIKE AN **OCTOGENARIAN**!--OH, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT CLOCK--WHY DOES IT KEEP **CHIMING**?

BONG!
BONG!
BONG!





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EDITOR



HELLO there, each and every one of you! Guess there's nobody we like to meet up with more than you, our readers, so come in and make yourselves comfortable! No need telling you to make yourselves at home, because this is the regular meeting of the countless thousands of fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," and you *belong*! The project for this session is to explain to our readers just what the process of putting out our magazine consists of. This project was launched out of an argument between two of our fans. One insisted it was simple—merely a series of pictures interspersed with balloons. The other contended that to come up with so fascinating a publication as ours was clearly a superhuman endeavor! Perhaps the true answer to the question might be found somewhere between these two divergent viewpoints—so here goes with a short briefing on a day in the life of an editor of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*!"

The editor deals with known writers, possessed of skill and imagination. They submit to him a short synopsis of whatever story they may have in mind, and, at a "story conference," the idea is discussed and amplified if the editor deems it acceptable. Editorial suggestions are made for its improvement, and the writer then proceeds to the preparation of a "shooting script." This breaks the story down page by page and panel by panel, setting forth full instructions to the artist regarding the illustrations which he must draw, and indicating the dialogue. When the editor receives the completed script, he reads it over carefully, editing it to clear it of all possible errors of any type. He then selects the artist whose drawing style seems best for the story involved, and assigns it to him. The artist does the job in pencil form. The "roughs" are then assigned to a letterer, who inserts the necessary title, dialogue and captions. The lettered pencils then go back to the original artist, who inks it in. The completed job is looked over and proofread, then sent to the

engraver, who returns smaller page facsimiles called "silverprints," which are hand colored as a guide to what colors are to be employed in making up engraving plates and final printing. The last job, at least as far as the editor is concerned, is to select the strips which will go into any particular issue, and combine them into a "dummy" for the engraver's guidance. Oh, there are many other incidental jobs, such as the reading of color proofs, etc., but you begin to get the idea that there's plenty to the job of putting out such a book as ours! But—it's worth it! Out of it emerges a finished issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"—an issue like this one, which we hope you go for! "*The World That Was*" is a fascinating story that'll hold you breathless—and "*End of the Line*" is tense and gripping throughout. "*When Time Stood Still*" is a yarn which packs a punch from beginning to end—and "*The Visitor*" shows a skillful combination of fine plot and excellent illustration.

It is stories like these, we believe, that are responsible for a flood of enthusiastic mail from our readers. Space limitations in this issue only allow us to bring you a couple of them, but here they are!

Send in *your letter*! Address it to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:—

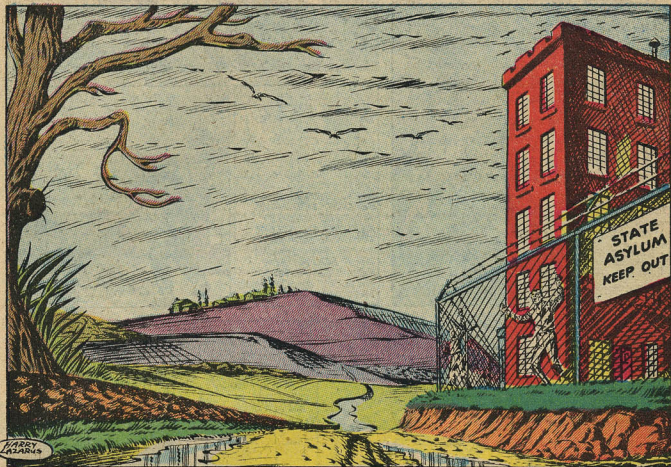
I think that '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is the best comics magazine around. I've been a faithful reader and fan since first I saw it two years ago. It's got that certain something guaranteed to bring folks back for more! Keep up the fine work! —A/B Melvin T. Rostie, Sampson A.F. Base Geneva, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

I've always liked the stories in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' and will always read them. Some of your plots should be best-sellers—they're appealing and just about superb! Congratulations for your splendid work—keep it up and you'll be hearing more from me!

—William Sims, Winnipeg, Canada"

THE VISITOR!



IT'S A STIFLING, EERILY QUIET NIGHT IN MIDSUMMER, THE KIND OF NIGHT THAT SEEMS TO BE HOLDING ITS BREATH, LISTENING, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO **HAPPEN!** THE NIGHT IS OVERCAST, WITHOUT STARS, GREY AND MUFFLED AS AN OWL'S WING, AND FROM ACROSS THE VALLEY, A MILE AWAY, RISE THE CHORUSED HOWLS OF THE INMATES IN THE COUNTY ASYLUM--THE SOARING, HIGH-PITCHED HOWLS YOU OFTEN HEAR WHEN THE WEATHER IS ABOUT TO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE--AND YOU REMEMBER THE SUPERSTITION THAT MADMEN CAN SOMETIMES FORETELL LIFE'S UGLIER SURPRISES...

FROM THE OPEN WINDOW YOU HEAR THE RADIO TURNED DOWN LOW, THE GHOSTLY STRAINS OF A DANCE ORCHESTRA MERGING WITH THE HOWLS IN AN UN-REAL MEDLEY LAMENT! YOU PACE THE GARDEN AND MOP YOUR FACE, WISHING FOR RAIN, STORM, ANYTHING TO RELIEVE THE NIGHT OF THE INVISIBLE SHROUD IN WHICH IT SMOTHERS...

EVEN FOR JULY, THERE'S NEVER BEEN A NIGHT LIKE IT-- I'LL BET ON **THAT!**

ALL AT ONCE, WITHOUT KNOWING IT, YOU'RE ON GUARD--AND THOSE DISTANT WAILS ARE DROWNED OUT BY WHAT SEEMS TO BE A GIGANTIC SIGH...

CAN'T SEEM TO PLACE IT! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?



IN THE NEXT SECOND THAT SIGH HAS MOUNTED IN A ROARING RUSH OF AIR, A BATTERING WIND THAT NEARLY HURLS YOU OFF YOUR FEET AS IT SWOOPS OVER THE GARDEN...



SOMEWHERE CLOSE YOU HEAR A TREE CRASH, AND YOU CLING TO THE TRELLIS AS THAT RUSH OF AIR FLATTENS THE TATTERED PLANTS AND SLAMS LIKE A HAND AGAINST THE SHUTTERS...

COUPLE MORE MINUTES OF THIS --AND THAT HOUSE IS A GONER!



BUT THEN, AS SWIFTLY AS IT CAME, THE WIND ABRUPTLY DIES --AND WITH IT ALL OTHER MOTION SEEMS SUDDENLY STRICKEN! NOW THE NIGHT AIR IS EVEN CLOSER AND QUIETER THAN BEFORE; YOU HAVE A VAGUE, UNEASY FEELING OF ACTUAL PHYSICAL HEAVINESS IN THE ATMOSPHERE, AS IF YOU'RE SUR-ROUNDED ALMOST ENCLOSED BY SOMETHING VAST AND FRIGHTENING...

BLOWING A GALE ONE SECOND--DEAD CALM THE NEXT! IT'S QUEER--AND I DON'T LIKE IT ONE BIT!



YOU TRY TO SHAKE THE FEELING OFF, BUT WHEN THAT EERIE, FOREBODING HOWL SOUNDS AGAIN YOU KNOW YOU'RE TREMBLING! YOU TURN TOWARD THE HOUSE WHERE LIGHTS AND MUSIC WILL BLOT OUT THIS NAMELESS FEAR, AND AS YOU TURN YOU GET THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE...



SOMEONE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY, SOMEONE SHADOWED, AND HIS EYES ARE GLEAMING THROUGH THE MUGGY DARK!

IS THAT ANYONE I KNOW? WHY DOESN'T HE SPEAK?



THE WILD, YELPING CHORUS FROM THE ASYLUM SUDDENLY CEASES--AND YOU BLURT OUT THE QUESTION YOU DREAD TO ASK! HE ANSWERS IN GUTTURAL TONES...

WHO ARE YOU?

A VISITOR!



TONIGHT YOU HAVE A VISITOR, UNINVITED! YOU MOVE CLOSER AND WHEN YOU SEE HIS FACE YOU KNOW IT'S EVIL BEYOND MEASURING!



HE MOVES TO MEET YOU AND YOU FIND YOURSELF STOPPING SHORT, READY TO LEAP BACK, WHEN HE SAYS...

YOU'RE **AFRAID** OF ME! YOU THINK I'M **EVIL!**

H-HOW'D YOU KNOW?

HOW DOES HE KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING? AN ACCIDENT, A WEIRD FLUKE THAT IS PART OF THIS OMINOUSLY HAUNTED NIGHT? BUT YOU KNOW IT ISN'T WHEN HE SAYS...

YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE I COME FROM!

I WAS-- BUT I THINK I CAN TAKE A GUESS!

A GUESS IS AS CLOSE AS YOU WILL GET, BECAUSE HE WON'T TELL YOU! HE MERELY GIVES YOU A SMILE THAT SEEMS TO CONVEY THAT TONIGHT SOMEONE HAS BEEN OUTWITTED AND CAUGHT OFF GUARD--AND THIS TIME YOU DON'T **THINK** YOUR SUSPICIONS! THIS TIME YOU **FEEL** THEM, CREEPING ICILY UP YOUR SPINE...

THERE ARE A LOT OF US! DIDN'T YOU HEAR US?

THEN HE **MUST BE A LUNATIC--A DANGEROUS ESCAPED LUNATIC!**

YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR WHO MUSTN'T BE ANTAGONIZED UNTIL YOU CAN GET RID OF HIM, AND TO GET RID OF HIM YOU'VE GOT TO BE NEAR THE PHONE!

DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TRAP ME?

OF COURSE NOT! W-WHY SHOULD I?

YOUR HEART IS RACING AS YOU REACH FOR THAT PHONE-- HOPING TO LEAVE IT OFF THE HOOK, HOPING THE OPERATOR WILL HEAR ENOUGH SNATCHES OF THIS ODD CONVERSATION AND FLASH AN ALARM...

THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT THING?

THIS IS ONE VISITOR YOU MUSTN'T TRY TO CATCH NAPPING! HE FIXES YOU WITH THAT DEADLY STARE AND CROAKS--

PUT IT **BACK!**

GETTING RID OF HIM WON'T BE SO EASY, BECAUSE NOW THAT HE'S MASTERED YOU, HE SHOWS GUARDED INTEREST IN YOUR TV SET, THE AIR CONDITIONING, AND EVEN THE INDIRECT LIGHTING--ALL OF WHICH CONFIRMS YOUR HUNCH...

NATURALLY, HE'S NEVER SEEN THESE THINGS! THEY DON'T EXIST IN ASYLUMS!

NOW HE IS SEATED, NOT SAYING ANYTHING, BUT WATCHING YOU WITH A FLICKER OF CONTEMPT...

HE'LL BE IN NO HURRY TO LEAVE! I--I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL STAND IT!



SWEAT TRICKLES DOWN YOUR FACE IN A PANIC AND HE'S WATCHING, EVILLY WATCHING AS YOU EDGE CRABWISE TOWARD THE KITCHEN...

I'M GETTING-- A GLASS OF-- WATER!



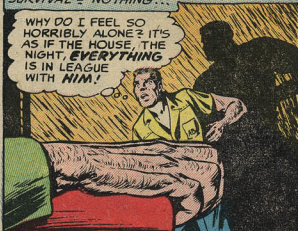
WHEN YOUR SHAKING HAND GROPEs OUT HE UNDOUBTEDLY KNOWS SOONER THAN YOU DO THAT YOU'RE REACHING FOR A WEAPON. BECAUSE IN ONE SURPRISING LEAP HE'S BESIDE YOU! HIS BREATH HAS A SNARLING RASP AND HE'S REACHING OUT HIMSELF...

HE'S--SEEN ME!



BUT YOU WON'T HAVE TO STAND IT TOO LONG, AND YOU'RE CONVINCED THAT WHEN HE DOES LEAVE, YOU WON'T BE ALIVE! WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO WIN HIM OVER, DIM THE INHUMAN MALICE IN THOSE EYES LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A DESPERATE BID FOR SURVIVAL? NOTHING...

WHY DO I FEEL SO HORRIBLY ALONE? IT'S AS IF THE HOUSE, THE NIGHT, EVERYTHING IS IN LEAGUE WITH HIM!

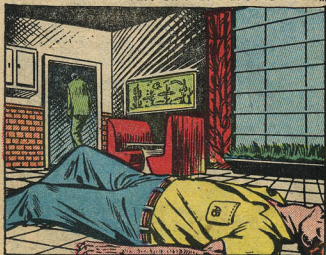


YOU WERE RIGHT... THIS IS NO NORMAL MAN! THAT AWFUL STRENGTH... YOU BATTLE AGAINST IT FUTILELY, KNOWING THIS IS THE END...

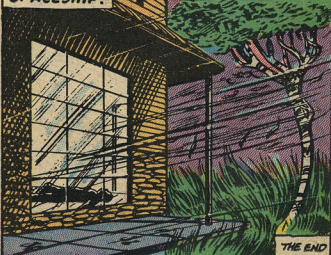
FOOLISH, PITIFUL CREATURE! DID YOU THINK TO DEFEAT ME?



AS YOU LIE THERE WITH EBBING HEARTBEAT, YOU HAVE A DOUBT THAT'S EVEN MORE HIDEOUS THAN DYING, A DOUBT THAT YOUR VISITOR WAS AN ESCAPED LUNATIC WITH A MADMAN'S SINISTER GIFT OF READING MINDS...

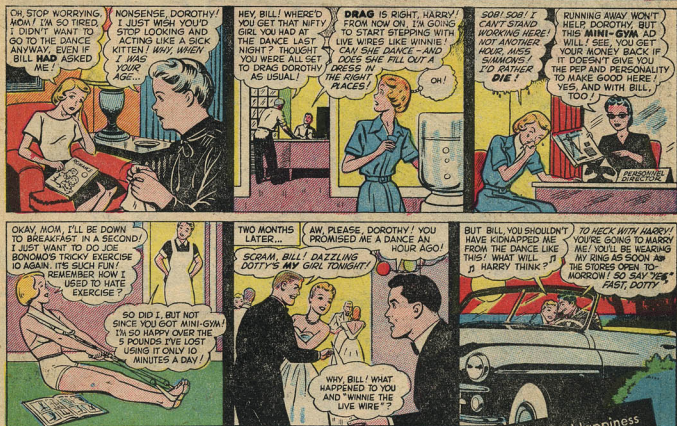


BECAUSE NOW, IN THESE LAST SECONDS OF YOUR LIFE, YOU HEAR THAT SWIFT AND TERRIFYING ROAR AGAIN--AND YOU'RE NO LONGER SURE WHETHER IT'S THE WIND... OR A SPACESHIP!



THE END

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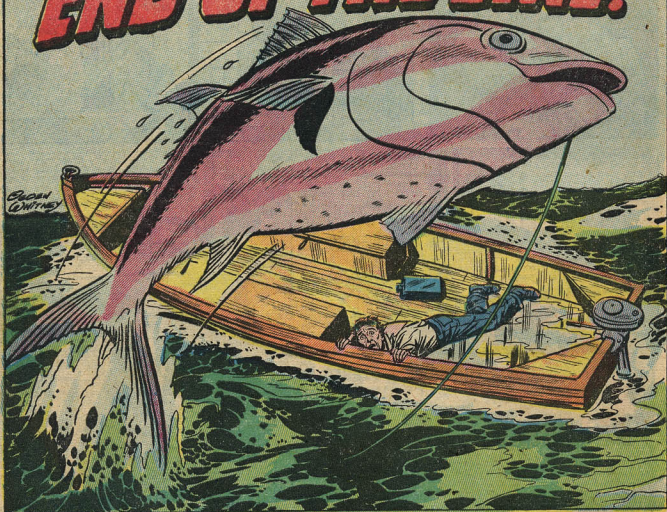
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THE GULF OF MEXICO IS ONE THOUSAND SALTY, SCORCHING MILES ACROSS, AND YOU'RE RIGHT THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT, LULLED TO A GLAZY-EYED STUPOR IN THESE LAST MOMENTS OF YOUR LIFE AS THE OPEN BOAT ROCKS YOU TOWARD ETERNITY ON THE CALM GREEN SEA! A GREEN SEA, A BRIGHT GREEN SEA THE COLOR OF THE MONEY YOU TRY TO FORGET, BECAUSE IT'S FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU'LL NEVER SPEND, NOW THAT YOU'RE BOBBING SLOWLY TOWARD...

The

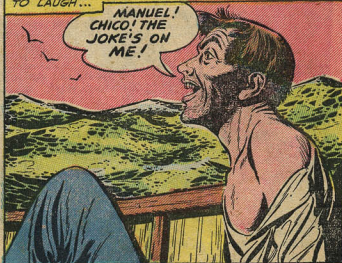
END OF THE LINE!



YOU SPRAWL IN THE THWARTS STARING AT THE WATER WITH THE IDIOCY OF A LIFE DRAINING OUT, AND YOU'RE TOO WEAK TO MOVE WHEN A TEASING WAVE SPLASHES A HUNDRED AGONIES OVER THE BLISTERED RAWNESS OF YOUR BODY...



YOU'LL NEVER SAIL IN THE "CAJUN" AGAIN, WHICH IS WHAT YOU PLANNED, AND YOU'LL NEVER COLLECT THAT FIFTY THOUSAND, WHICH IS WHAT YOU DIDN'T PLAN! AND NOW THAT YOU'RE SUFFICIENTLY GONE TO THINK IT'S FUNNY, YOUR LEATHERY LIPS CRACK WHEN YOU TRY TO LAUGH...



SUDDENLY YOU SEE IT--FLOATING WHITE BELLY UP JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...



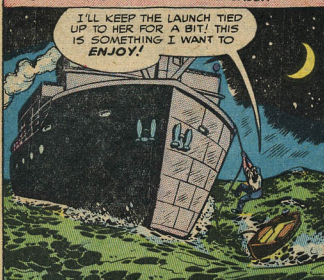
NOW YOUR SALT-ENCRUSTED EYES OPEN WIDER AND YOUR SCORCHED LIMBS MOVE FASTER THAN THEY HAVE FOR DAYS, AND YOU MOAN AS YOUR HAND CLAWS TOWARD THAT DEAD FISH BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE...



YOU WERE VERY MUCH ALIVE THREE DAYS AGO...OR WAS IT FOUR...OR FORTY? THERE'S NO USE THINKING ABOUT IT AS YOUR TREMBLING HAND CLOSES ON THE COOL SLIMNESS OF THAT DEAD FISH, BECAUSE OTHER DAYS DON'T MATTER--THEY'RE AS DONE AND FINISHED AS THE 'CAJUN' THOSE DAYS THAT WILL DIE WITH YOU...



BUT THEN YOU WERE FAR FROM FINISHED, YOU WERE VERY MUCH ALIVE, AS YOU SWUNG SILENTLY DOWN INTO THE LAUNCH AND WATCHED THE 'CAJUN' SETTLE...



THE LAUNCH DRIFTED SLOWLY AND THE 'CAJUN' SETTLED FAST--BECAUSE YOU HAD OPENED HER SEA VALVES AND TONS OF WATER WERE GEYSERING INTO HER HOLD...



SHE WAS GOING UNDER...GOING UNDER BEFORE MANUEL AND CHICO HAD TIME FOR MORE THAN A SINGLE YELL WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR BUNKS AWASH...

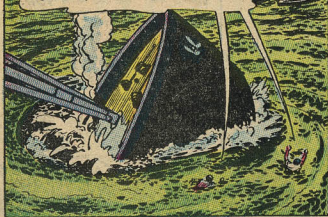


THERE WAS A FINAL SCREECH OF STEAM FROM THE FLOODED BOILERS, AND THEN ANOTHER SOUND ROCKETED TO THE STARS--THE MOURNFULL CATERWALL OF SHIFTLESS SAILORS TOO DEEP IN THEIR CUPS TO REALIZE...

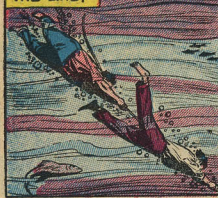


IT'S FRIGHTENING TO WATCH A SHIP IN HER LAST SWIFT GLIDE VANISH INTO THE FOREVER-HIDDEN DEEP... AND IT'S EVEN MORE FRIGHTENING TO WATCH TWO MEN SPINNING DIZZILY IN THE WHIRLPOOL, STRUGGLING TO KEEP THEMSELVES FROM BEING SUCKED UNDER AND SINGING THEIR HEADS OFF...

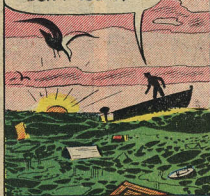
LOLITA, MY DOVE LOLITA,
LOLITA, COME TO YOUR WINDOW!



YOU'RE LAUGHING BECAUSE WHAT MANUEL AND CHICO ARE CLUTCHING IN THEIR FRENZY IS THE ROPE-- THE ROPE THAT'S FAST TO A VESSEL THAT'S PLUNGING TO THE BOTTOM! FOR A SECOND THEY SKIM THE SURFACE LIKE FLYING FISH-- AND THEN THAT SONG CHOKES OFF AS THEY'RE DRAWN UNDER-- AT THE END OF THE LINE!



THAT FIXES 'EM-- AND GOOD RIDDANCE! I'VE TOLERATED THOSE TWO FOR EIGHT YEARS AND PAID 'EM WELL WHILE WE WERE RUNNING CONTRABAND ACROSS THE GULF! BUT NOW THAT TRADE'S FALLEN OFF, THE SHIP'S A LIABILITY-- AND TWO STUPID, CARELESS DECK HANDS JUST DON'T COUNT!



BUT REALIZATION CAME TO THEM AT THE LAST--AND GRIPPING BLINDLY FOR ANY OBJECT THAT WOULD HOLD THEM UP, THEY CHANCED ON THE ONE THING THAT STRUCK YOUR SARDONIC HUMOR--

HA-HA-HA! OH, MY GOSH-- THAT'S THE KICKER-- THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'D WAIT A LIFETIME TO SEE!



YOU SEE HOW IT FIGURES? I CAN COLLECT FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS INSURANCE FOR A **TOTAL LOSS**-- AND THERE'S NOTHING MORE **TOTAL** THAN REACHING A TEXAS PORT IN THIS BEAT-UP LAUNCH AND GIVING 'EM A BLEEDING HEART STORY ABOUT HOW MANUEL AND CHICO WENT DOWN WITH THE SHIP! YOU KNOW ANY EASIER WAY TO MAKE FIFTY THOUSAND BUCKS?



NOW THE 'CAJUN'S' FORLORN LITTER DRIFTS SLOWLY PAST YOU, CRACKER BOXES AND A PAIR OF CANVAS SHOES AND SNAPSHOTS OF TAWNY MEXICAN GIRLS-- AND WHEN YOU SEE CHICO'S GUITAR YOU CAN'T RESIST A SMILE...

IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN THAT GIT-FIDDLE WITHOUT **CHICO** ATTACHED TO IT! AND IF HE'D SEEN IT, HE'D HAD BURST HIS LUNGS TO GRAB IT AND TAKE IT DOWN THERE WITH HIM-- AT THE END OF THAT LINE!



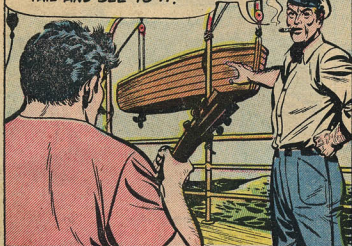
NOW EVERYTHING'S PEACEFUL AND IN THE FLAMINGO-PINK SUNRISE YOU CAN TAKE YOUR TIME BEFORE YOU START THE MOTOR AND CHUG ACROSS THE GULF! YOU REMEMBER THAT CHICO WAS PLAYING THAT GUITAR LAST NIGHT, BEAVING LIKE A LOVE-SICK BURRO OVER THE CREAKING SLOSH OF THE 'CAJUN'S' RUSTED KEEL...

LOLITA, LOVELY LOLITA,
LOLITA, MY HEART IS
FOR YOU!

THAT'S ABOUT THE TWENTIETH VERSE, ISN'T IT? GET UP, YOU LAZY BUM-- I'VE GOT A **JOB** FOR YOU!

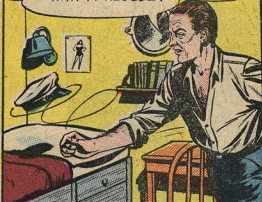


IT'S OKAY RISKING A SMUGGLING RAP-- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO PILE A **VIOLATION OF THE MARINE CODE** ON TOP OF IT! THE CODE SAYS THAT A POWER LIFEBOAT MUST BE **MAINTAINED** WITH THREE DAYS' FUEL AND RATIONS -- **SO GET UP OFF YOUR TAIL AND SEE TO IT!**



THEN YOU WENT TO YOUR CABIN FOR A SNOOZE, NOW THAT CHICO WAS TOO BUSY TO STRUM THAT **BLASTED GUITAR!** YOU HAD EVERYTHING FIGURED AND YOU WANTED ALL THE REST YOU COULD GET BEFORE IT HAPPENED...

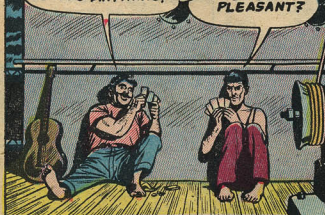
TOMORROW NIGHT WILL BE A GOOD TIME! WE'LL BE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF-- NO MOON-- NO CHANCE OF ANY SHIPS FOULING THINGS UP WITH A RESCUE!



YOU THOUGHT CHICO WAS LOADING THE SUPPLIES YOU'D NEED-- BUT HE **WASN'T!** STUPID, CARELESS CHICO HAD JUST STOLEN A BOTTLE OF VERY CHOICE LIQUOR, AND NOW HE WAS SQUATTING IN THE WELL OF THE SHIP PLAYING CARDS WITH MANUEL...

LISTEN TO HIM SNORE! HE SLEEPS SOUNDLY-- WE CAN DO **ANYTHING!**

AH, YES-- WHY WORK WHEN LIFE CAN BE SO **PLEASANT?**



NOW THEY'RE BOTH DEAD, THAT MUTE GUITAR IS DRIFTING BY, AND YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF IN AN OPEN BOAT-- A BOBBING OPEN BOAT WITH AN **EMPTY LOCKER...**



A PITCHING, LIFELESS BOAT WITH A **DRY TANK...**



...AND YOU TRY NOT TO SWEAT BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO **NEED** THAT WATER! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED EVERY DROP OF MOISTURE IN YOUR PANIC-SICK CARCASS DURING THOSE MERCILESS DAYS AHEAD, **ADRIPT IN THE GULF...**

FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY MILES TO GALVESTON... FIVE HUNDRED SOME-ODD MILES TO VERA CRUZ... AND NOTHING... NOTHING-- NOT EVEN GARS!

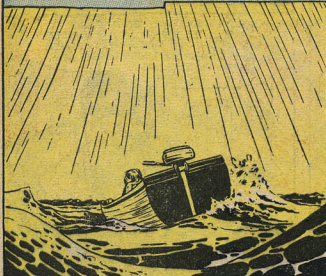


ADRIPT HOW LONG? THREE DAYS-- FOUR DAYS-- WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW, WHEN YOU'RE **EDGING TOWARD YOUR LAST DAY?**

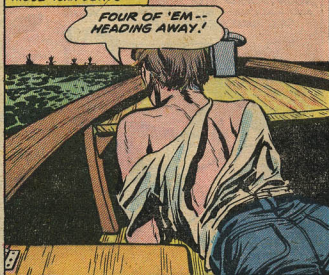
WATER! WATER! PLEASE, GIVE ME SOME WATER!



AND NOW A SMALL BOAT TOSSES ON AN EMPTY SEA... AND THE EMPTY HORIZON MOCKS YOU, THE SUN SEEMS TO JEER AS IT BURNS, BURNS DOWN ON YOU...



YOU TRY TO PROP YOURSELF UP AND YOUR HEAT-SEARED BODY SHUDDERS WITH PAIN... BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO THE AGONY THAT STABS THROUGH YOU WHEN YOU SIGHT THOSE TUNA BOATS...



FOUR OF 'EM--
HEADING AWAY!

FOUR OF THEM LOW ON THE HEAT-SHIMMERED HORIZON, TOO BUSY WITH TUNA TO NOTICE YOUR OPEN BOAT, TOO TAKEN UP WITH FLAPPING FINS AND LOST TACKLE TO REALIZE THAT BLACK SPOT ON THE WINKING WAVES IS CLOSE TO THE END OF THE LINE...



THEY'VE BROUGHT IN THEIR FISH AND SLOWLY YOU WATCH THEM GO, AND WHILE YOU HAVEN'T GOT ENOUGH STRENGTH LEFT TO SOB, YOU CAN FEEL YOUR NERVES TWANG -- TWANG JUST LIKE A GUITAR...

HEADING AWAY!
TO BROWNSVILLE... CORPUS CRISTI... GALVESTON... PLACES WITH TAP WATER! PLACES WITH BIG SPLASHING SINKS!

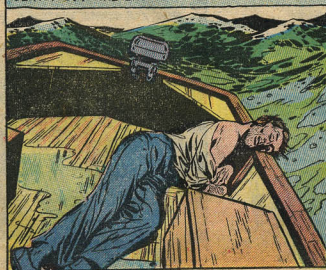


YOU LEAN OVER THE GUNWALE WITH YOUR CRUSTY FIERY EYES WATCHING THE GREEN WATER SLOPE INTO GALAXIES OF SHIMMERING BUBBLES, FIFTY THOUSAND BUBBLES THAT HAVE BURST BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO SPEND THEM...

LOLITA, LOVELY LOLITA,
BE MINE! ♪
BECAUSE I'M REALLY RICHER THAN I LOOK! ♪



YOU'RE ROCKED, ROCKED INTO THE KIND OF PEACE THAT FLUTTERS DOWN WHEN ALL HOPE'S GONE, ALL HOPE EXCEPT THE THOUGHT OF SINKING SOON INTO THAT GREEN WATER, GOING GENTLY DOWN, GENTLY OFF THE END OF THE LINE...



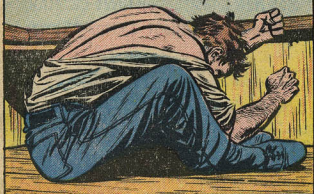
THEN SUDDENLY YOU'RE PANTING, SLAYERING, SCREECHING LIKE A SEAGULL WITH THAT DEAD FISH IN YOUR HAND...

MANUEL! CHICO! LOOK--
LOOK-- WE'VE GOT FOOD!

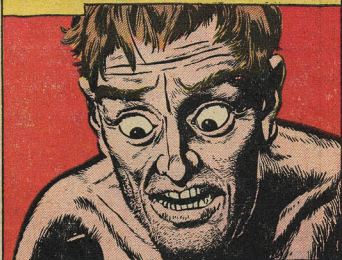


BUT NOW YOU REMEMBER THAT **THEY'RE DEAD**...AND THE FISH IS YOURS, ALL YOURS! YOU PAUSE A MOMENT TO TEAR AWAY SOMETHING ON WHICH IT SEEMS CAUGHT, THEN WOLF IT DOWN...

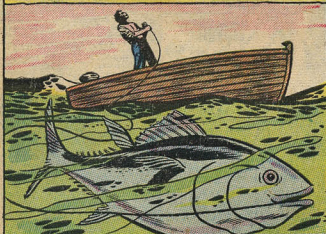
"FOOD...AND THE JUICES OF ITS BODY...LIKE WATER! I'M GOING TO LIVE...**LIVE!**"



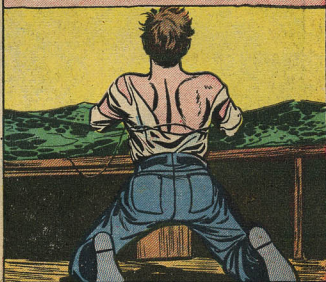
YOU FEEL A SLIGHT TWITCH, AND LOOK DOWN...AND YOUR EYES WIDEN IN HORROR! THAT "SOMETHING" YOU'D TORN FROM THE FISH'S BODY BEFORE YOU SWALLOWED IT...IT WAS A **HOOK!** AND NOW IT'S CAUGHT IN YOUR CLOTHING...CAUGHT TIGHT! THE FISH...IT HAD BEEN **TUNA BAIT!**



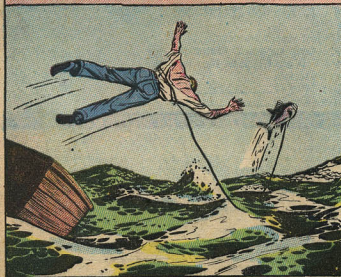
YOU SCREAM AND TUG AT THAT LINE, KNOWING YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF IT BECAUSE TUNA BOATS USE **GANG LINES!** GANG LINES WITH A NUMBER OF **HOOKS FIFTY FEET APART**, AND THIS ONE IS **LOST TACKLE** BECAUSE THERE'S A TUNA SKIMMING THROUGH THE WATER AND THE TWO OF YOU ARE **HOOKEED TOGETHER...**



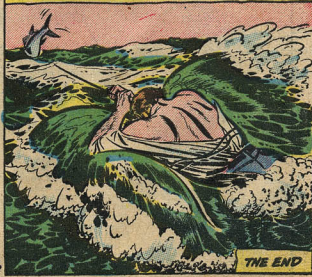
YOU'RE ON YOUR KNEES AS YOU SCREAM AND TRY TO YANK IT OUT, BUT THE BARB'S IN DEEP AND THAT TUNA IS READY TO LEAP...



IT'S A LOT LIKE MANUEL AND CHICO ON THAT ROPE, BUT THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING! YOU'RE **HOOKEED TOGETHER**, AND YOU LEAP TOGETHER, HIGH AND WIDE AND FIFTY FEET APART...



FOR A SECOND YOU SOAR SCREAMING, AND WHEN THAT BIG FISH HITS THE GREEN WATER YOU'RE BEING TOWED LIKE A CHUNK OF BAIT AT THE **END OF THE LINE...**



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A door opener! Masonic emblem in bold relief on simulated flat-top ruby, flanked by 2 imported Pseudo Diamonds. Gold color band. No. 323. 1.98.



"Big 5" For Men

Extra heavy! 5 Pseudo Diamonds—hard to tell from genuine! Gold plated. Big price reduction! No. 319. Only 1.98.



Cocktail Cluster

Looks like \$500 cocktail ring! 10 fine pseudo diamonds & ruby. Gold color mount. No. 340. 1.98.



Modern Wedding Ring

Beautifully embossed by Baso-relief process. In natural gold color. No. 301. 1.98.



Men's Initial Ring

Your initial in 3-D relief on pseudo Ruby, flanked by 2 imitation Diamonds. A real stunner! No. 401. Only 1.98.



Romantic Friendship

Women feel proud wearing this splendid friendship ring. Same styling as diamond rings selling for \$500. No. 309. Only 1.98.



Lifetime Bliss

Lovely classical engagement ring! 5 brilliant imitation diamonds. Natural gold color band. Perfect beginning for courtship! No. 357. 1.98.



Chief Geronimo

Massive, extra heavy men's ring. 3 Dimensional head is fine example of inspired Indian craftsmanship! Gold plated. No. 351—only 1.98.



Eternal Love

Georgious rings—12 sparkling Pseudo Diamonds. Natural gold color bands. 1.98 each ring. Both for 3.50. No. 311.



Entwined Hearts

Friendship ring of delicate beauty to be cherished for years! 2 "Hope" simulated Rubies. Entwined hearts. Gold color band. No. 413—1.98.



Twin Charmer

A ladies' ring that out-dazzles some expensive ones! Lovely Sterling band, set with 2 large & 4 small pseudo diamonds. No. 341—1.98.



Broadway

A real man's ring! 2 extra large brilliant imitation diamonds on 14 K rolled gold plate heavy band. No. 411.



The Sparkler

This brilliant pseudo Diamond appears to be on fire! Large circular sparkler on 14 K rolled gold plate band. No. 338. Only 1.98.



Yours Alone

Exquisite Wedding Set. Round & Sapphire-cut design Pseudo Diamonds. Either ring 1.98 each. Both for 3.50. No. 304.

U. S. DIAMOND HOUSE, Dept 121-A-300

352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

RUSH me the rings I have indicated by number below—ON 5 DAY FREE TRIAL . . . Money Back Guarantee. I enclose 1.98 for each ring.

(Send thin paper strip to show ring SIZE.)

NUMBERS

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY **ZONE** **STATE**

COD's cheerfully accepted. Pay 35¢ extra postage on delivery.

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COMFORT-WALK PANTY Girdle with "Hide-a-way" DETACHABLE CROTCH

Wear it as a PANTY Girdle! Wear it as a REGULAR Girdle!

Available Exclusively From Us!

NEW!

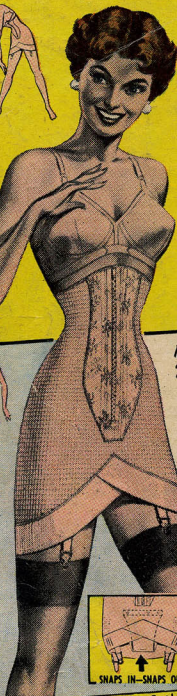
NOW you can

- STRETCH
 - BEND
 - WALK
 - DANCE
- in glorious comfort and freedom!

- Freedom-of-action!
- Will not ride or shift!
- No poking, binding, pinching or rubbing!



- * Lifts and Flattens Tummy!
- * Long Line High Waist!
- * Will Not Roll or Curl on Top!
- * Brocaded Panel with Zipper—Zips all the way up!
- * 100% Natural Rubber Power-Lastic Fabric!
- * Light Boning Cushioned!



INTRODUCTORY

SALE!

\$5⁹⁸
VALUE
only

\$2⁹⁸

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First Quality

**COMFORT-WALK
SLIMMER**

WITH

BROCADED ZIPPER-PANEL

GUARANTEED TO INSTANTLY

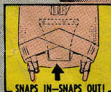
SLIM 2 SIZES OFF
your measurements

OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!

**NEVER BEFORE!
2-in-1 CONVERTIBLE
COMFORT-WALK
SLIMMER
PANTY GIRDLE**

with exclusive "HIDE-A-WAY" detachable crotch! Instantly you snap the crotch on or off—wear it as a panty girdle... wear it as a regular girdle. What a wonderful convenience as you enjoy fabulous freedom and comfort... and trim 3 or more inches off your figure.

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SNAPS IN—SNAPS OUT!

"COMFORT-WALK" SLIMMER Panty Girdle with exclusive "Hide-a-way" detachable crotch gives you the comfort and freedom you've always wanted. You walk, sit, stretch, bend, dance—even engage in sports, without shifting, riding-up, binding or rolling. So light and gentle—you hardly know you're wearing this magic figure-slimmer.

FREEDOM-OF-MOVEMENT!

The moment you close the zipper, this long-line, high-waist girdle whittles inches off your waist, hips, thighs and derriere. Now, at last you can have the smooth, glamorous figure that makes you look years younger and sizes slimmer!

2 STYLES—2 COLORS—ALL SIZES

Panty Girdle with "Hide-a-way" detachable snap-button crotch and garters or Regular Girdle. In Nude and White

Small (25-26), Medium (27-28), Large (29-30), Also: "Plus" Sizes for the fuller figure, \$3.98; Extra-Large X (31-32), XX (33-35), XXX (36-38), XXXX (39-40), XXXXX (41-43), XXXXXX (44-46).

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ANNETTE FASHIONS, Dept. D-87-A
ROCKVILLE CENTER, N. Y.

Please rush COMFORT-WALK SLIMMER on approval. If not delighted, I may return it within ten (10) days for refund of purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay \$_____ plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$_____ You pay postage.

Please Check: ☐ Regular Girdle ☐ Panty Girdle with "Hide-a-way" crotch. (Sizes 31 and over \$3.98)

CORRECT SIZE please. SEND ME _____ EXTRA

1st Color Choice. _____ CROTCHES @ 49¢ each.

NAME (Print) _____

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CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

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